

WALTHAM'S CROWDED COURTROOM WAS THRILLED AS FATHER OF MURDERED GIRL'S DAUGHTERS BLEVE

Charles L. Tucker Watched Intently as the SCENE IN WALTHAM COURT AT PAGE HEARING TOLD OF THE GRUESOME DETAILS OF THE FATAL DAY.

Photographed in Waltham Court by a Boston American Photographer.

attempted to file the knife that was found in his home so that it would be on the table that could have made the wounds on the body of Mabel Page was the sensational statement of District Attorney Sanderson, when he opened the prosecution's side of the case.

The District Attorney made the assertion with the greatest show of confidence, and, as was something that had never come out in the case before, it made a deep impression on the listening throng.

"Tucker, declared the district attorney, 'had at his home a knife broken into several pieces. This blade had been fired so that it would be as unlike the one that could have made the wounds on the body of the dead woman as possible. The name of the maker of the knife had been partially obliterated and the handle had been either destroyed or hidden.'"

TUCKER WATCHES CLOSELY.
Tucker's eyes never left the face of the District Attorney. The statement made no visible change in his face.

TUCKER WAS ALL ATTENTION WHEN MR. PAGE WAS CALLED

When old Edward Page was called Tucker again became intensely interested. He gazed long and carefully at the face of the murdered girl. His face involuntarily afterward took on its wonted pained expression.

In his previous trial at first Edward Page had been indicted for the murder of his daughter. As he proceeded his face became more and more pained and his eyes were fixed on the face of the girl who had been murdered.

Once more he appeared in the witness box. He was called to the stand by the district attorney. He looked at the face of the girl who had been murdered. He looked at the face of the girl who had been murdered.

YOUNG WOMEN LISTEN.
In this section sat fifteen young women from a Boston school of shorthand. They were present for practical reasons. Before the opening of the court, three young women had been called to the stand.

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The black arrow indicates Edward P. Page, father of the slain woman, on the witness stand, telling how he found her body. The white arrow indicates the accused, C. L. Tucker, listening unmoved to the aged man's sorrowful story.

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BE SENT TO FAR EAST

Skydoff Aims to Combine Russian Navies and Clear Seas of Japs.

HIS VIEWS PREVAILED

ST. PETERSBURG, April 21.—As the result of an opinion expressed by Admiral Skrydoff, the new naval commander in the far east, it has been definitely decided to send the Russian squadron in the Baltic Sea to the far east.

There has been considerable hesitation regarding the dispatching of this squadron to the seat of hostilities. It was decided to send the fleet, but afterward the advisability of such a move was questioned by the authorities. Admiral Skrydoff, according to a reported interview with him, plans to combine all the Russian fleet, and, if possible, clear the Pacific and Yellow Seas of Japanese vessels by a combined effort.

PERSECUTION OF AMERICANS

BERLIN, April 21.—The Frankfurter Zeitung prints a dispatch from its Manchester correspondent, reporting that bitter anti-American feeling is prevalent throughout that section. This feeling, he says, is so strong that the lives of Americans are endangered.

"The Russians," he continues, "are persecuting American Americans who failed to come to the aid of the Pacific and Yellow Seas of Japanese vessels by a combined effort."

FAMINE FEARED IN VLADIVOSTOK

BERLIN, April 21.—The newspaper, the Post, reports that the Russian government and the population of Vladivostok are threatened with famine.

"The report," it is probably true, as a dispatch received in the past few days from Vladivostok, is that the Russian government is so concerned that it is sending a large number of troops to the city to maintain order.

PHOTOGRAPHED DISASTER

PORT ARTHUR, April 21.—An instantaneous photograph taken of the destruction of the Russian fleet in the Japanese harbor of Port Arthur, shows the extent of the disaster. The photograph shows the Russian fleet in the harbor, with the Japanese fleet attacking them.

JAP ARMY NO. 2 LANDS

LONDON, April 21.—The second Japanese army is reported to have landed in the Korean peninsula. The army is reported to have landed in the Korean peninsula.

ODD CHAIRS

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Prices from \$3.50 to \$35.00. We will give you a good reason for our Catalogue. Open an Account With Us.

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HELP WANTED—Male.
Three Advertising Solicitors
WANTED. Apply Room 709 Columbia Building, 100 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Telling the Story of the Murder on the Stand

The hearing in the Waltham court was the second arraignment of Tucker. With his counsel determined to force the State to show its hand, that the evidence must be set on the spot, and a big array of witnesses present to testify as to the facts surrounding the mysterious tragedy, the scene in the little court room was again dramatic.

The prisoner was represented by James H. Vaher, Thomas J. Fane, and Charles H. Jones, who were in an aggressive frame of mind. District Attorney George A. Sanderson, with his face set in a stern expression, looked back at the State in making out the case, entered the court with a conviction that he would be able to prove that a case was made to induce the judge to hold the prisoner.

The relatives of the girl-looking people were in a frame of mind to see the case. They were in a frame of mind to see the case. They were in a frame of mind to see the case.

Tucker appears in the dock. He is a man of middle age, with a serious expression on his face. He is a man of middle age, with a serious expression on his face.

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FATHER TELLS HOW HE FOUND THE BODY OF HIS DAUGHTER

The old man's eyes filled with tears as he told of the discovery of his daughter's body. He told of the discovery of his daughter's body. He told of the discovery of his daughter's body.

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"Wise little woman!" he murmured. "It is the dawn of a man's life when a good woman loves and trusts him."

A faint sound in the shrubbery caused them to start apart in sudden confusion. The sound grew fainter and sank into silence.

[illegible][illegible]

PINK MOUSSELINE DE SOIE. CADET BLUE TAFFETA SUIT. A BROWN BROADCLOTH SUIT.

[illegible]

company for two years with a salary that is eightfold as deep in love with her as she loves me the same; in fact, we are even.

Now, my hours of employment have changed. I have to work from 7 a.m. until 6 a.m. As I have been in the company for two years, I have been paid three evenings in the week. I will be satisfied with that. I will be able to find it impossible to console her. She says that she will be able to console me every evening alone. Now, I could call on her and tell her that I am not satisfied with that but that would not satisfy her. She says that I should be satisfied with that.

Y OUR sweetheart should be sensible and realize that it is business and pleasure, that keeps you away from her. Of course, it is hard, but perhaps after a while she will be able to understand that she will get used to it. I will be satisfied to see you in the afternoon instead of the evening.

Count in Dress

favorable for one of the purple tones so direct this spring.

Favorite materials are supple silk, cloth, tulle and crepes.

Liberty satin is employed both for trim and for purposes and for creitures.

Shantung silk will be much used both for long dust wraps and semi-fitting coats.

Embossments of lace and paillettes do not ornament some of the newest vogue robes.

Pan de ezyne, embroidered with chemise, forms the yoke and cuffs of some fetching new blouses.

According to leading couturieres there is no striking novelty this season, either in dress or millinery.

BY RICHARD KENNEL

O you love me, little children?
O sweet blossoms that are curled
Like flowers of the meadow
Round the easement of the world?
Do your hearts climb up toward me
From the heart of the daisy
In the beauty of your dawning
And the brightness of your dew?
When the fragrance of your faces,
And the light of your eyes
And the incense of your voices
Transform the sullen street,
Do you smile and say to me
Forever where you move,
With an eye of benediction
And a smiling head: "I love!"
O my darlings! I am with you
In your troubles, in your play,
In your smiling and your singing,
And in your tears and sighs
In the chambers where you nestle,
In the beds where you lie,
In that place where you are
And the blackness where you die.
Can you tell me, little children,
If you love me? I long to know
Why I weary with the burdens
Of the world, and why I grow
Old and weary with the years.

ANY foreign substance in the eye is very painful, but to remove it is often an easy matter. If the dust lodges in the lower lid, press the finger gently and firmly against the eyelid, pulling it down and inward, so that the eyelid will expose the inner lid and the dust can be wiped off. If the eyelid is on the upper lid, which is full of cotton has been removed, the eyelid can be pulled down and the finger can be used to remove the upper lid is affected take the eyelid and pull it down and inward, so that the thumb, ask the patient to look down and with a quick movement, the foreign body will come out. If the foreign body is on the outer point of a eyelid, or better at the inner point, the eyelid can be pulled against the eyelid, just above the stiff part of the eyelid, and the finger can be used to wipe off as from the lower lid. If the foreign body is on the eyelid, and if a magnet is at hand it is sometimes better drawn out by the magnet's attraction.

REHE is a simple and available recipe for a medicinal bath for the nervous system and those who cannot sleep at night. It was the prescription of an old physician. Take one sea salt, one ounce of sulphur ammonia, two ounces, spirits of camphor two ounces, of pure alcohol half a quart of the liquid. Dissolve the sea salt in the alcohol, then add the sulphur ammonia. Pour the alcohol in the water, and add the camphor. Add the salt water to the alcohol in the bottle. Pour the sponge dipped in this mixture over the head and face, and let it remain for some time until the skin aches. When nervousness is relieved, the bath may be repeated. The rest and refreshing that follow will justify the effort required to prepare it.

Colors **FREE**

FREE

BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN
FIVE CENTS EVERYWHERE

WAIST.

That the shirtwaist or blouse is entering upon another season of unimpaired vogue is already assured. Judging from the numerous new designs that carry out the season's style of long drooping shoulders and in quaint effect, they are so entrancing that their popularity must increase. Every season we hear rumors that the blouse is to be banished from our wardrobes, but so long as sweet and skirt suits are fashionable, the shirtwaist is a necessity and we need have no fears of so practical a garment being discarded. In this model

a triumph has been achieved in the construction of the collar which not only gives the long drooping shoulder, but a pretty, quaint effect as well. The yoke is another new idea. It overlaps the breast and the bodice, producing a broad, flat collar. The blouse is made with French lark, and the lower edge is finished by a perlim with a small, round button.

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN will mail a pattern of the above on receipt of 10 cents, to cover all cost of handling, etc. Send orders to

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Kindly enclose your address plainly. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure.

HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

80 AND 82 SUMMIT ST., BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1904.

Well, Young Men,

Are You Going to Be Fools and
Swell the Race Track Gam-
bles' Profits?

The racing season has begun in earnest. To-day thousands of young men begin to concentrate their minds on a vice that means ruin. The bookmakers begin reaping their harvest to-day.

Not one of those bookmakers would let you bet with him IF YOU WERE HIS SON OR HIS BROTHER.

Everyone will tell you that his main business is with NEW CUSTOMERS. The old customers have ruined themselves.

Don't be deceived into thinking that ANY MAN EVER MADE MONEY BETTING ON RACING.

Young men, think of your future. Ask yourselves whether you want to be a success or a failure a few years from now. Make yourselves realize that gambling means ruin always, and disgrace very often.

There is no REAL sport in racing. There is only mental feebleness in gambling. Men gamble because they have not the stamina or the qualities to get excitement out of life in legitimate ways.

While you are figuring on races, fooling yourselves, other young men will be getting ahead in the world. You will envy them their success later, when you gamblers are failures, despised by your friends, and with no more money to gamble.

Don't feed the bookmakers.

Don't be catspaws for the "respectable" men of the Jockey Clubs—for the rich men whose racing expenses you defray. (You pay the bookmakers, and their payments to the Jockey Club pay for the stakes.)

Take the upward path that leads to success through hard work and common sense. Remember that the gambling craze means certain ruin and bitter disappointment.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE RACE TRACK.

Keep away from gambling. Be MEN, not vicious, gambling degenerates, deceiving yourselves and ruining your future and that of those dependent upon you.

False Democrats
Who Are Foolish
Politicians.

TO DESTROY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY BY TAKING THE DEMOCRACY OUT OF IT—THAT IS THE PROGRAMME OF THE HILLS AND BELMONTES.

Their programme is enthusiastically approved, of course, by the organs of the trusts, which join Mr. Grover Cleveland in acclaiming these reactionaries as representatives of "safe and conservative Democratic principles," and leaders of a movement to accomplish the party's "return to sanity."

But what would really happen to the party should the kind of Democracy which speaks through the Albany platform triumph at St. Louis?

Would the American people rush with ardor to the support of a party that, in Mr. Bourke Cockran's phrase, offered "a platform of platitudes and a candidate who can stand for anything or nothing?"

The "return to sanity" of the Democracy which Mr. Cleveland so feelingly desires would, in fact, be but a return to the wallow of faithlessness to its principles into which it fell under his guidance.

Who is it that wants a Democratic party like that?

Not the plain people, the voters.

Not the business interests of the nation, upon which the speculative and criminal trusts make war.

Not the workmen, whose wages the trusts are cutting while they press upward the prices of life's necessities.

Not thoughtful and patriotic men, rich and poor, who know that if this Republic is to continue to be a republic its government must be rescued from the grasp of the private interests which have seized it and control its legislative and executive powers for their pecuniary profit.

The project of the Hills and Belmonts, who are but agents of the interests which own the Republican party, is to form a political trust, TO THE END THAT NO MATTER WHICH PARTY MAY WIN AT THE POLLS THE TRUSTS SHALL NOT BE DEPRIVED OF THEIR LICENSE TO PREY UPON THE PUBLIC.

Viewed merely from the standpoint of the practical politician, the Hill-Belmont enterprise is folly.

Its success at St. Louis would mean the retirement of the Democratic party as an organization serviceable to the people, and therefore important to command popular support at the polls.

Reduced to trust subservience and dominated by such politicians as David B. Hill and such bond dealers and franchise grabbers as August Belmont, the made-over Democratic party would not even gratify men's desires by securing the office. IT WOULD WIN NO NATIONAL VICTORIES, ELECT NO PRESIDENTS. The alienated Democratic masses aside, THE TRUSTS THEMSELVES WOULD ATTEND TO THAT.

The favorite political maxim of the trusts is to "let well enough alone." Why, when they have secured possession of the Republican party, should they care to turn it out and put in the Hills and Belmonts? They could not be better served than they now are.

THE OBJECT OF THE TRUSTS IS TO CAPTURE THE MACHINE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, NOT IN ORDER THAT IT MAY BE EMPLOYED AGAINST THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, BUT THAT THE PEOPLE MAY BE PREVENTED FROM USING IT AS A MEANS OF OVERTHROWING GOVERNMENT BY AND FOR THE TRUSTS.

The Republican party would remain at the table; the "safe and sane" Democracy would have to content itself with the crumbs and fluff as a conservative supple.

As well try to divert the Mississippi River into a foot-wide culvert as to narrow the stream of American Democracy to the channel sought to be provided for it by the Hills and Belmonts.

The American Democracy is truly safe and sane, but it is not "conservative."

On the contrary, IT IS LARGED WITH DESTRUCTIVE FORCE. ITS CHIEF DESIRE AND PURPOSE IS NOT TO CONSUME BUT TO DESTROY THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, AND TO DESTROY THE GOVERNMENT WHICH THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IS GIVING US TO DESTROY THE RULE OF THE TRUSTS AND ALL THE PRIVILEGES AND CORRUPTION THAT GO WITH THAT RULE.

The sort of Democracy which whips its feeble and treacherous platitudes through the Albany platform sends a retreat and a purchased surrender.

THE REAL DEMOCRACY OF THE UNION WANTS FOR ST. LOUIS THE BUGLE CALL FOR AN ADVANCE.

The Hills and Belmonts went over to the Republicans in 1886. Now they are returned and would lead the party which they deserted away from the path of honesty and patriotism into a land which they found pleasant and profitable—a plutocratic land, dealing with milk and honey.

No Democrat who is a Democrat—American believing that the party represents the people, and battle unflinchingly for equal rights to all and privileges to none—will follow the Hills and Belmonts, who are the lack of capitalization to the

DROPPING THE PILOT.

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A Once Good Ship in Bad Hands.

FOR REVENGE.



"Ah, my boy! Getting in your first wood early, eh?"

"Firewood nuthin'! Teacher sent me fer a switch to lick Tommy Tompkins with!"

DIFFERENCE IN PRICE.



"THE RUBB—What'll yer charge ter carry my carpet bag to ther station?"

"THE KID (taking it up)—Fifty cents now, or if you'll wait till it gets good an' dark I'll do it for a nickel!"

SAME THING.



"What you bittin' of me fer? It was me brother wot told on you!"

"Well, hully gee, wot'd de difference! Yous twins, ain't you?"

Mr. Martyr—He Sends a
Hurry Call for a Doctor.

What is the matter with Willie's face, Mrs. Martyr? It's all broken out. Don't tell me. I know he has scarlet fever. You can't deceive me.

You've been allowing him to play with that boy across the street who had it three months ago.

Listen! He's coughing. That's one of the infallible signs, and his forehead is covered with perspiration. That's another. They always have cold sweats when they are coming down with scarlet fever.

Oh, when will you learn to safeguard your children as they should be safeguarded? I warned you when I saw the flag out across the street to keep your children at home. I told you what a terrible thing scarlet fever is; how it leaves children deaf and dumb and blind and bowels of reason; how it spreads from one child to another until the whole family is decimated.

I told you that it baffled medical skill, that calling a physician would be useless, and what do you do? You send your children over to the very house where the terrible malady is raging in all its fury, and allow them to breathe in the infection and come home to die. Yes, to die, madam, for you know very well what a delicate constitution that boy has, and that he will never be able to withstand the ravages of the horrible disease.

Now, please do not interrupt me. I say he has scarlet fever, and I know it.

You'll call Dr. Skaggs? No, you will not. You ought to know that he belongs to a school of medicine which disapproves of it. I will not have the man in my house. Where was Dr. Dupen? Out of town?

Well, you might have sent him word that your child had been exposed. It seems to me, before he went away, —

You did know he had been exposed. You sent him right into the jaws of the scarlet fever miracle yourself.

I suppose that was a case of yours to get acquainted with your neighbors, and you imperilled your child's life in order to gratify your petty social ambitions.

That Mrs. Hascam across the street is not a proper person to know, anyway, and I don't see why you should run after her. She is always gadding down when she ought to be at home attending to her children.

Why don't you call that doctor? The boy is suffering again, and I know the crisis of the disease will be here in a few minutes, and he will go into a spasm. Then what will you do? Call him immediately. It does seem to me that if I was a doctor like Skaggs, when I was summoned in a life or death case I would come at once, instead of dawdling along.

Never mind! Even if I did approve of him, we have got to have somebody. You have demonstrated your unfitness to meet such a serious catastrophe as that which has befallen our child.

Come here, Willie, let me feel your pulse. He is just like a triphammer! The child is consumed with fever. Fever patients don't perspire? Well, this child is perspiring, which shows how much you know about this.

What was that, Willie? You got poison ivy on your face? Poof! Imagination! You know you have been exposed to scarlet fever! I saw you myself, only yesterday, playing with that Hascam boy, and it was not three weeks ago that I saw a red flag in front of their house.

Oh, Doctor Skaggs. How do you do? I fear my poor child here is in the last stages of scarlet fever. You should have been called earlier, sir, but unfortunately, I was not acquainted with his condition until last night.

None in my family? Nonsense; where would he get poison ivy? Tell you it's scarlet fever. I should think a man of your experience would know the disease when you saw it.

None in town? My dear sir, there was a case across the street not three days ago. I saw the flag myself.

What did you say, Mrs. Martyr? They had an aversion of household goods over there? Well, why did you not tell me before you called the doctor. You alarm both of us unnecessarily, madam, and I apologize for you. Believe me, Doctor, I was not in the least of the opinion that your services were necessary, but my wife became frightened and insisted upon calling you.

She always worries about the children, and I never can laugh her out of her fears.



Straws in the Stream.

BY H. K. R. HERTZBERG.

The Sunlight's Preference.

DISSEMINATION OF COTTON.

Face of cheer—
He's dead on—
On, or tear
On the other, as the sunlight lingers o'er them, softly clear.

Gown of lace,
On the face of—
On the face of—
Lashless groom
Sunlight doesn't linger o'er them, doesn't love a costly tomb.

The reason why the birds sing so well is that they are singing for pleasure and not for applause.

Wear two flowers—one in the lapel of your coat, the other under it, in your heart—and let the latter's name be tolerance.

The girl of sixteen loves a man for being handsome. The girl of twenty loves him for being witty. The girl of thirty loves him for being.

Pride and Vanity are closely related, and look very much alike in the face, but you will soon notice that Vanity is a dwarf.

A woman will keep on bowing to Fashion until, finally, Fashion will bow to her.

TRUSTS AND HUMANITY.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

The people of our country are at the present time confronted with greater problems concerning their inherent rights than they have had to solve since the days of the yoke of English bondage.

Gigantic combinations of capital have concentrated in many of the industries of the country and by skillful manipulation and the lack of proper laws to check them the managers of these great enterprises have been enabled to secure practical control of the labor market and also make the products of their labor at prices far below the cost of production.

Under this system millions and millions of people are made every day—honest men and women, and innocent children—become paupers and are grinding the wheels of starvation.

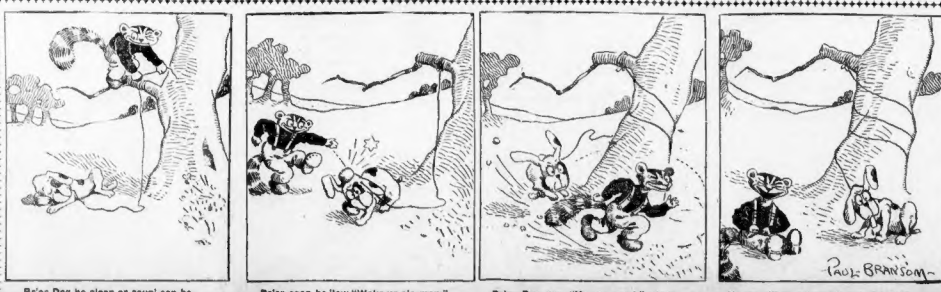
The managers of these great combinations of capital take from the workmen their sweat and blood and give them nothing in return but a few pennies.

These are the conditions that exist in the United States and they are the same in every other country where the wealth of a few individuals and the poverty of the masses are the result of the same system.

It is time that we should take action to stop this system and to give the people the right to work and to live.

Yours truly,
JOHN P. BRANNON.

JUST COONS.



Br'er Dog he sleep ez soon' can be, En he ain't fer' out he tied to a tree.

Br'er coon he 'low, 'Wake up, ole man,' En he make 'e scape as soon' he can.

Br'er Dog say, 'Yo my meat,' sees, But he das can run' about dat tree.

He run till he git plumb out of breath, En Br'er Coon high laugh heest to death.